HINTS

TO A

SCHOOL-MASTER.

Addreſs'd to the

Rev^d. Dr. TURNBULL.

By *STEPHEN DUCK.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*; and R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall.* M.DCC.XLI.

[Price Six-pence.]

HARVARD COLLEGE
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I.

SHOULD You, my Friend, [employ your Time
In teaching tuneful POPE to [rhyme,
And harmonize his Style:
Or ſhould our Poet ceaſe to write,
And teach brave VERNON how to fight,
The wond'ring World would ſmile.

II.

Not leſs abſurd may I be thought,
Who bred, from *Colleges* remote,
In honeſt ſimple Truth;
Ne'er ſtudy'd Science at the *Schools*,
And yet preſume to give *You* Rules
For educating Youth.

III.

Yet if the Maxims I advance
May be of Uſe, or right by chance,
They cannot give Offence:
Forgive me then, for *Reaſon*'s ſake;
For *Reaſon* dictates what I ſpeak,
And ſays, 'tis *Common Senſe*.

IV.

A Man of *mod'rate* Skill may teach
His Pupils all the *Parts of Speech*,
Perhaps old HOMER'S Songs:
But there are other things, my Friend,
Important things! that far tranſcend
This wond'rous Gift of Tongues.

V. O!

V.

O! skill'd in all the various Parts
Of *Learning*, and the *lib'ral Arts*,
That poliſh Human Kind,
Early inſtruct your tender Youth
In Heav'n's unerring *Law of Truth*,
Engrave it on their Mind.

VI.

Ere Vice the ſpotleſs Paper foul,
Imprint the Volume of the Soul
With VIRTUE's noble Mark!
The Mark, extending by degrees,
Shall grow like Letters carv'd on Trees,
That widen with the Bark.

VII.

As VIRTUE ſhall her Charms diſplay,
(Charms! which increaſing ev'ry Day,
Shall make her more approv'd)
Your Pupils ſhall adore the Dame,
Shall court her with a Lover's Flame,
As *worthieſt* to be lov'd.

VIII. To

VIII.

To make her Beauty more complete,
The *Handmaid Sciences* ſhall wait
Around her Day and Night;
To *poliſh* and *adorn* the Fair,
To make her pleaſing Charms appear
In more conſpicuous Light.

IX.

Be VIRTUE, then, their *chief* Regard;
For VIRTUE *is her own Reward*,
Were there *no other* giv'n:
Let nothing *mean* their Souls entice;
Teach them to tremble more at Vice,
Than at the Bolts of Heav'n.

X.

For conſcious *Merit* is a Meed
That amply crowns each honeſt Deed
With Joy of *acting well*:
While conſcious *Guilt* allows no Reſt,
But ſtings and burns the Villain's Breaſt,
Worſe than the Flames of Hell.

XI.

A Senſe of *Honour*, and of *Shame*,
Will beſt your erring Youth reclaim,
Whene'er they give Offence:
By *gentle Methods* guide your School,
Nor follow BUSBY's bloody Rule,
To flog them into Senſe.

XII.

No. Be not rigid, ſtern and ſour;
Diſplay your *Mercy* more than *Pow'r*,
And imitate your *GOD*:
For Tyrants cannot be approv'd,
They may be fear'd, but never lov'd,
Who daily uſe the Rod.

XIII.

Teach them a reaſonable Awe
Of *true Religion*, as by Law
Eſtabliſh'd in the Land.
Yet never puzzle *Truth* with *Lyes*;
But leave all heav'nly *Myſteries*
For *Heav'n* to underſtand.

XIV.

Avoid the Rock where Thouſands ſplit,
On purpoſe to *diſplay* their *Wit*,
Or *Folly* to *expoſe*;
Where he who wrangles beſt, confutes,
And with raſh Eloquence diſputes
Of what he nothing knows.

XV.

Beware your Pupils tender Age
Imbibe no *ſuperſtitious* Rage,
Which Fools Religion call;
Such narrow Principles remove,
Inculcate *univerſal Love*,
And *Charity* to all.

XVI.

Bid them aſſert their *Country's Cauſe*,
Teach them our *Government* and *Laws*,
All *ſervile* Precepts ſhun,
Such as, contriv'd by holy Knaves,
Perſuade us, Subjects are but *Slaves*,
And *All* were made for *One*.

XVII. The

XVII.

The *Law of Nature** let them know,
Inſtruct their Boſoms how to glow
And pant for *honeſt Fame;*
Make it their *Bus'neſs* and *Delight*
To vindicate the native Right,
Which free-born *Britons* claim.

XVIII.

Yet ſhun the furious Zeal of ſuch
Who act the *Patriot* overmuch,
And Monarchy invade;
Who mindleſs of their *Laws* at *home*,
Would copy thoſe of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Where *Commonwealths-men* ſway'd.

XIX.

Where *Civil Wars* were often wag'd,
Where mad *Ambition* hotly rag'd,
While *Public Spirit* cool'd;
Where *Tyrants* now uſurp'd Command,
Where now a *Senate* ſway'd the Land,
And now a *Rabble* rul'd.

* Alluding to the *Law of Nature and Nations*, lately publiſh'd by Dr. *Turnbull.*

XX. Where,

XX.

Where, wanting *Pilots* at the Helm,
To guide and moderate the Realm,
The *Bark of State* was toſt
By Waves of *Faction* to-and-fro,
Sometimes too *high*, ſometimes too *low*,
And frequently was *loſt*.

XXI.

Our Fathers wiſely dar'd to raiſe
Their Fabric on the *triple* Baſe
Of COMMONS, LORDS, and KING;
And hence BRITANNIA's happy Fate,
Hence all the Muſic of our State,
Hence all our Bleſſings ſpring.

XXII.

We ſee a MONARCH grace the Throne,
Who makes our Happineſs his own,
Our Property defends:
Maintains, in ſpite of *Party Hate*,
The *well-pois'd Balance* of the State,
On which our Bliſs depends.

XXIII. Let

XXIII.

Let HIM be chearfully obey'd,
Inſtruct your Pupils how to aid
Their KING with loyal Care;
That all may ſome Aſſiſtance yield,
For *Council* theſe, and thoſe to wield
The *Thunder* of the *War*.

XXIV.

So ſhall your SCHOOL increaſe each Day,
And flouriſh like the verdant Bay,
Or branching Vine in Spring;
Your Youth be virtuouſly inclin'd,
Be *real* PATRIOTS of Mankind,
And loyal to their KING.

XXV.

But whither would my Thoughts aſpire?
Raſh daring Muſe, reſign the Lyre;
For Shame! be not ſo bold;
Nor uſeleſs Hints to Him impart,
Who knows ſo well to caſt the Heart
In VIRTUE's genuine Mould.

FINIS.

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